

A N

E P I T A P H.



ERE lie the Remains of CAROLINE,
Queen Consort of *Great Britain*.

Whose Virtues

Her *Friends*, when living, knew and enjoy'd ;

Now dead, her *Foes* confess and admire.

Her Ambition aspired to Wisdom,

And attain'd it ;

To Knowledge,

And it fill'd her Mind.

Patroness of the Wise,

And Friend of the Good,

She look'd, and modest Merit rais'd its Head ;

She smil'd, and weeping Woe grew glad.

Religion, plain and simple,

Dignify'd her Mind,

Despising Forms and useless Pageantry.

Morals, clear and refin'd,

Dwelt in her Heart,

And guided all her Actions.

Virtue she lov'd, beneath her Smile it flourish'd ;

She frown'd on Vice, and it was put to Shame.

In fine,

Her *Life* was a Publick Blessing ;

Her *Death* is an universal Loss.

O Reader ! if thou doubtest of these Things,

Ask the Cries of the *Fatherless*, they shall tell thee,

And the Tears of the *Widow* shall confirm their Truth.

The Sons of *Wisdom* shall testify of her ;

And the Daughters of *Virtue* bear her Witnesses :

The Voice of the *Nation* shall applaud her ;

And the Heart of the KING shall sigh her Praise.